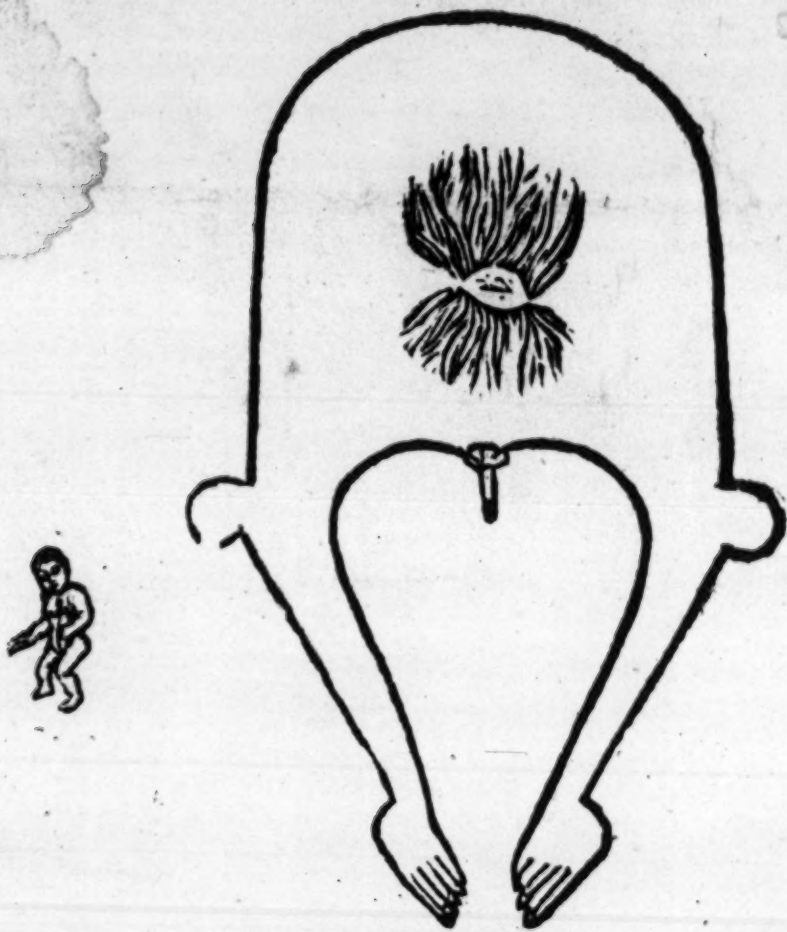


The true Description of a monstrous Chylde

Borne in the Ile of Wight, in this present yeare of our Lord God, M. D. LXXXIII. the month of October, after this forme with a cluster of longe heare about the Hauell, the fathers name is James Johnson, in the parrys of Freshwater.



O mercy Lorde, with one accorde,
To the we call and crye:
That so doth shew, in earth below,
Thy wonderous workes daylye.

Within the rase, of yere peres space
Woche monstrous sights hath byn:
Of sundry kynde, man bare in mynde,
And some turne from thy syn.

Repent and pray, a mende I say,
Leue of thy wicked wayes:
The tyme drawes on, thou must be gone,
Beholde this later dayes.

Of Infans yonge, agone not longe,
With calues and pigges which were:
The tokens loo, mishappen so,
Whiche cryeth to vs great feare.

Now this late sight in Ile of Wight,
Straungely it is to tell:
Two chylzen borne, neuer before,
Suche wonders there be sell.

The one I fynde, of Woman kynde,
Chaupng her shape all right:
The other is, transposed this,
As pleaseth the Lorde of myght.

Where natures art, doth not her part,
In workyng of her skille:
To shape a right, eche lytly wight,
Beholde it is Gods wyl.

Loe here you see, before your eye,
A man childe to beholde:
A babe gyttles, deformed this,
Wofull wonderous to be tolde.

No carter can, nor painter then,
The shape more vgly make:
As it selfe dothe, declare the truthe,
A sight to make vs quake.

Let vs all feare, and in mynde beare,
This forme so monstrous:
That no hurt wrought, nor euill hath thought,
What shall become of vs.

That doth still syn, and neuer lye,
As men heapyng by treasure:
Agaynst the day, of wrath so ay,
Of Gods heauy displeasure.

Some praye wee all, bothe great and small,
Unto the Lorde of myght:
To geue vs grace in Heauen a place,
Where to attayne his light.



Like that dothe beholde and see, this monstrous sight so straunge,
Let it to you a preachyng be, from synfull lyfe to chaunge:
For in this latter dayes trulye, the Lorde straunge seghts doth shewe,
By tokens in the Heavens hye, and on the earth belowe.
This dothe demonstrate to vs, the lyfe whiche we lyue in,
A monster oughly to beholde, conceived was in syn:
In shape vnparfett here to be, that nature hathe not dress,
A chylde now borne by porte moste true, this from the mothers brest:
For he that doth this shape beholde, and his owne state will knowe,
Will make the proude becooke so bold, beare downe his tayll full lowe:
Some Lorde sende downe thy holy spyte, the Confort of Joye,
For to direct our wayes aright, to dwell with thee so ay:
And graunt we maye amende our lyfe, accordyng to thy woide,
In euery age bothe Manne and Wylde, now graunt vs this good Lorde.

Finis quod John Barker.

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